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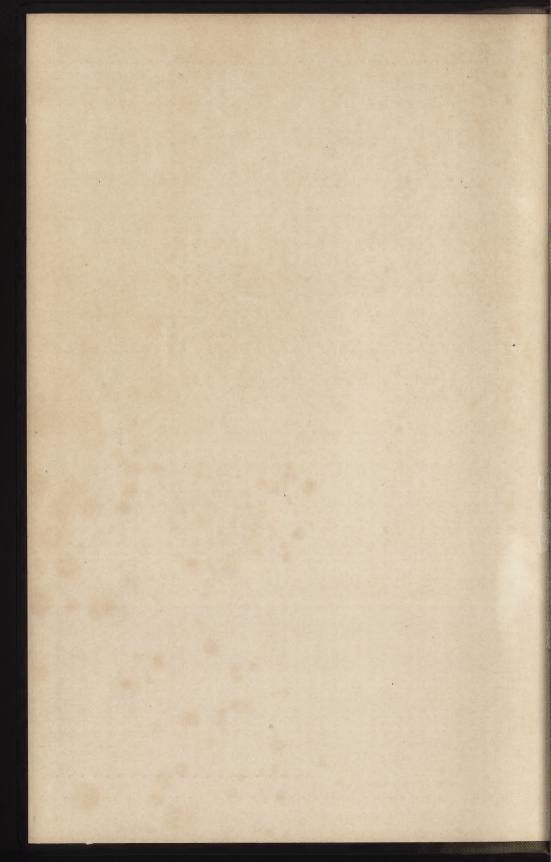
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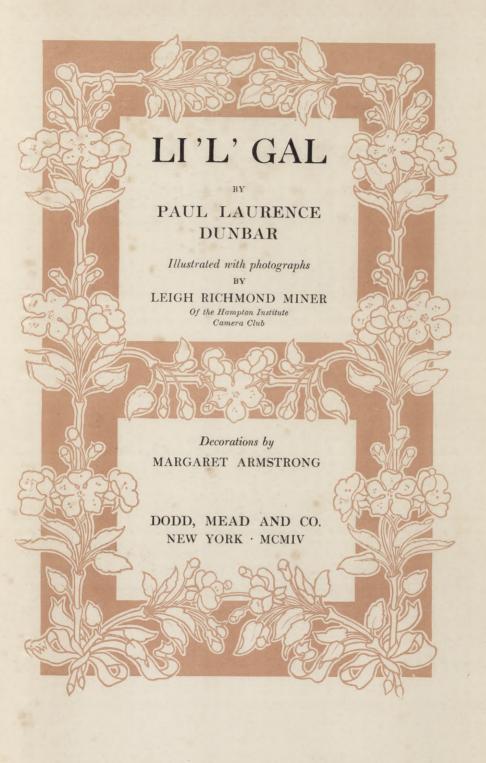


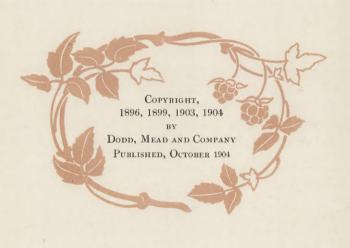
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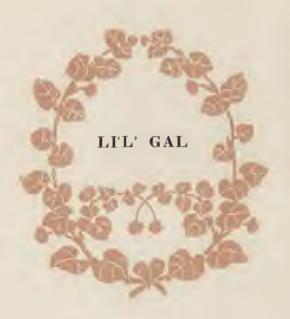


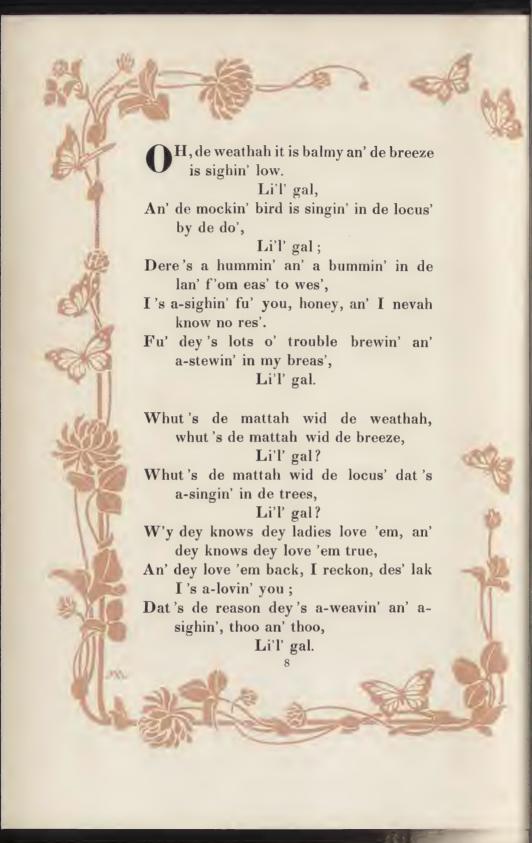


CONTENTS

	Page
Li'l' Gal	7
The Plantation Child's Lullaby .	13
Blue	17
Charity	. 23
Curiosity	27
The Turning of the Babies in the	
Bed	33
A Negro Love Song	41
When de Co'n Pone's Hot	47
A Corn-Song	53
Discovered	59
A Plea	63
Soliloquy of a Turkey	67
Whip-Poor-Will and Katy-Did .	75
	- 8

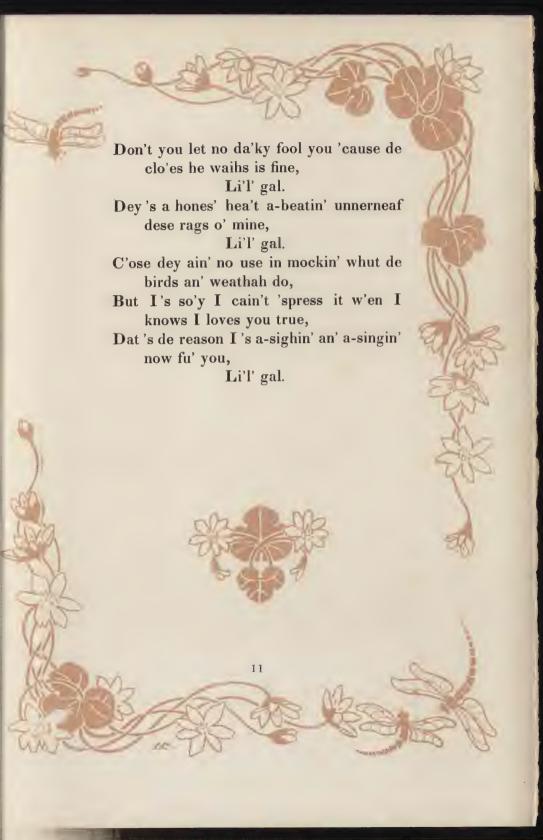
Page A Florida Night . 79 Reluctance. 83 When Sam'l Sings 87 Expectation 93 On the Road 99 Lover's Lane . 105 The Photograph . 109 Parted 115 Dely 119



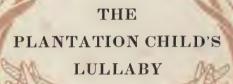














TINTAH time hit comin' Stealin' thoo de night; Wake up in de mo'nin' Eval ting is white; Cabin lookin' lonesome Stannin' in de snow, Meks you kin' o' nervous, W'en de win' hit blow.

Trompin' back from feedin'
Col' as' wet an' blue,
Homespun jacket ragged,
Win' a-blowin' thoo.
Cabin lookin' cheerful,
Unnerneaf de do',
Yet you kin' o' keerful
W'en de win' hit blow.



Hickory log a-blazin'
Light a-lookin' red,
Faith o' eyes o' peepin'
R'om a trun'le bed,







STANNIN' at de winder, Feelin' kind o' glum,

Listened to de raindrops
Play de kettledrum.

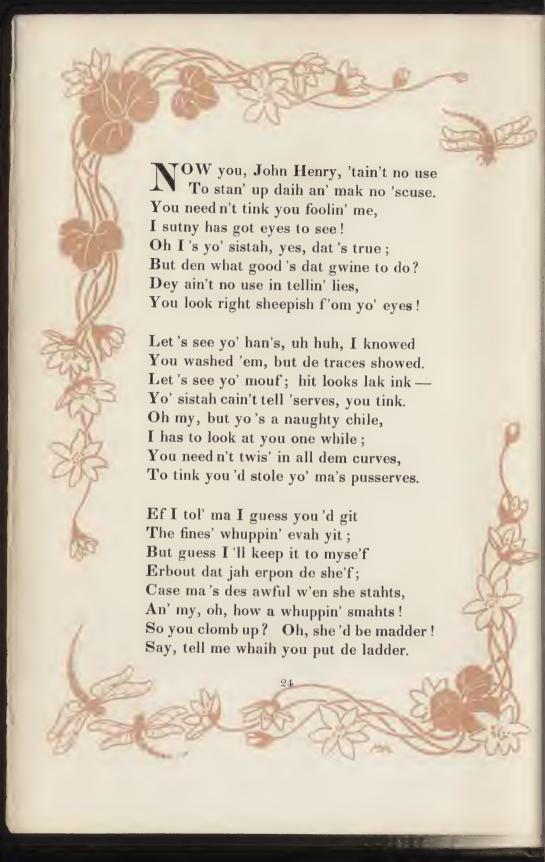






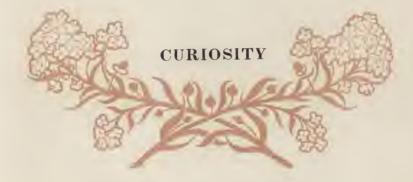














MAMMY'S in de kitchen, an' de do' is shet;

All de piccaninnies climb an' tug an' sweat

Gittin' to de winder, stickin' dah lak flies, Evah one ermong us des all nose an' eyes. "Whut she cookin', Isaac? Whut she cookin', Jake?

Is it sweet pertaters? Is hit pie er cake?"
But we could n' mek out even whah we stood

Whut was mammy cookin' dat could smell so good.



Mammy spread de winder, an' she frown an' frown.

How de piccaninnies come a-tumblin' down!

Den she say: "Ef you all keep a-peepin' in,

How I's gwine to whup you, my! 't'll be a sin!

Need n' come a-sniffin' an' a-nosin' hyeah, 'Ca'se I knows my business, don't you nevah feah."

Won't somebody tell us — how I wish dey would! —

Whut is mammy cookin' dat it smells so good?

We know she means business, an' we dassent stay,

Dough it's mighty tryin' fu' to go erway; But we goes a troopin' down de ol' woodtrack

'Twell dat steamin' kitchen brings us stealin' back,

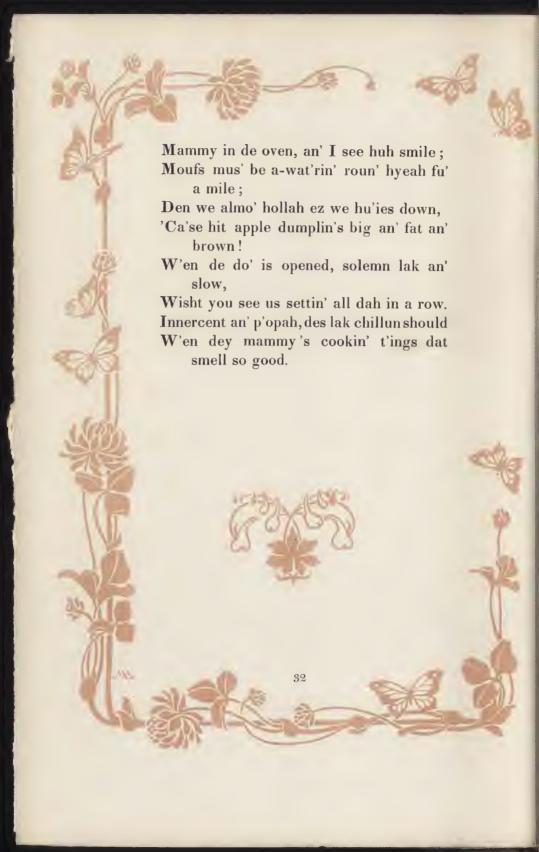
Climbin' an' a-peepin' so's to see inside.

Whut on earf kin mammy be so sha'p to hide?

I'd des up an' tell folks w'en I knowed I could,

Ef I was a-cookin' t'ings dat smelt so good.







WOMAN'S sho' a cur'ous critter, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat.

She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat.

Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an' you fails, des up an' say:

"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan'
a woman's way."

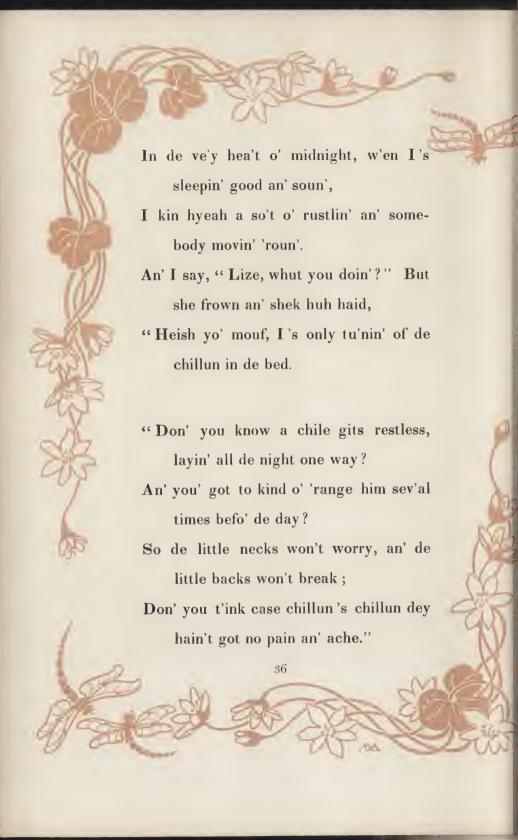
I don' mean to be complainin', but I 's jes' a-settin' down

Some o' my own observations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.

Ef you ax me fu' to prove it, I ken do it mighty fine,

Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.







So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,

'Twell I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.

Den she lif's 'em up head down'ards, so 's dey won't git livah-grown,

But dey snoozes des ez peaceful ez a liza'd on a stone.

W'en hit's mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,

Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,

"Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy, down on earf ermong de dead?" —

'T will be Lizy up a-tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed.





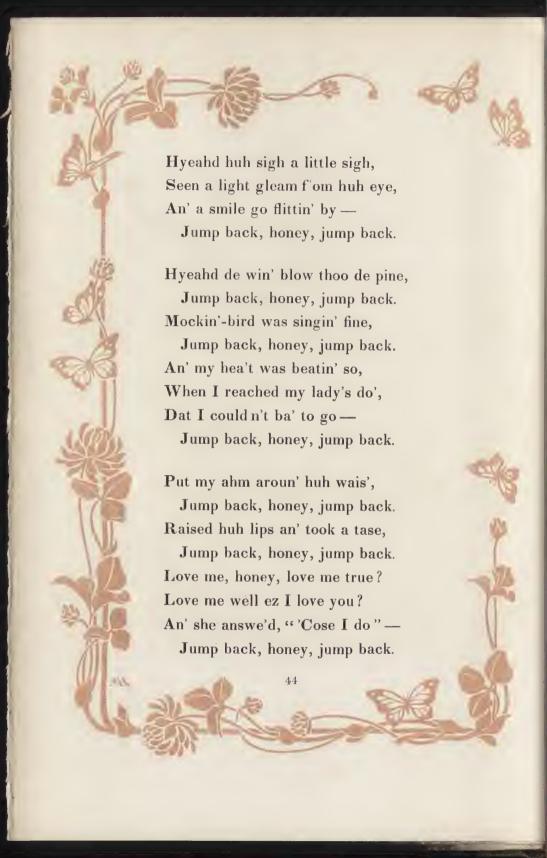


SEEN my lady home las' night, Jump back, honey, jump back.





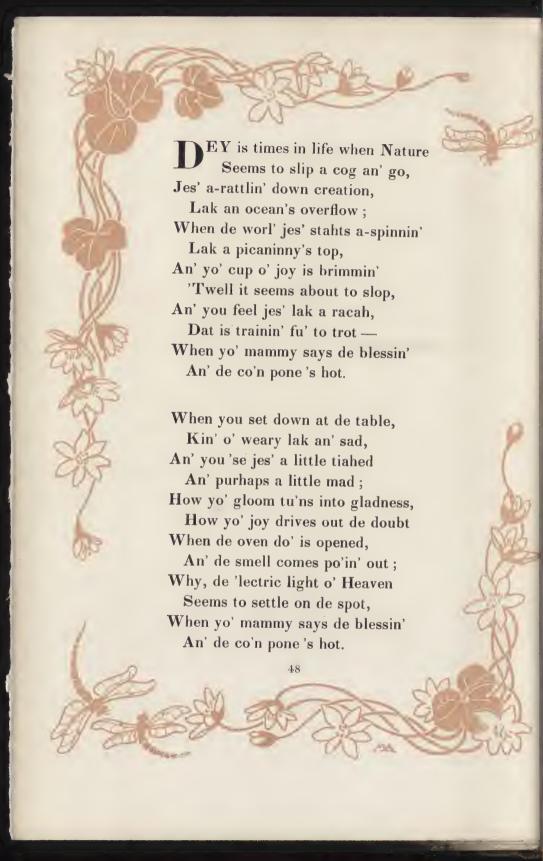
Hel' huh han' an' sque'z it tight, Jump back, honey, jump back.

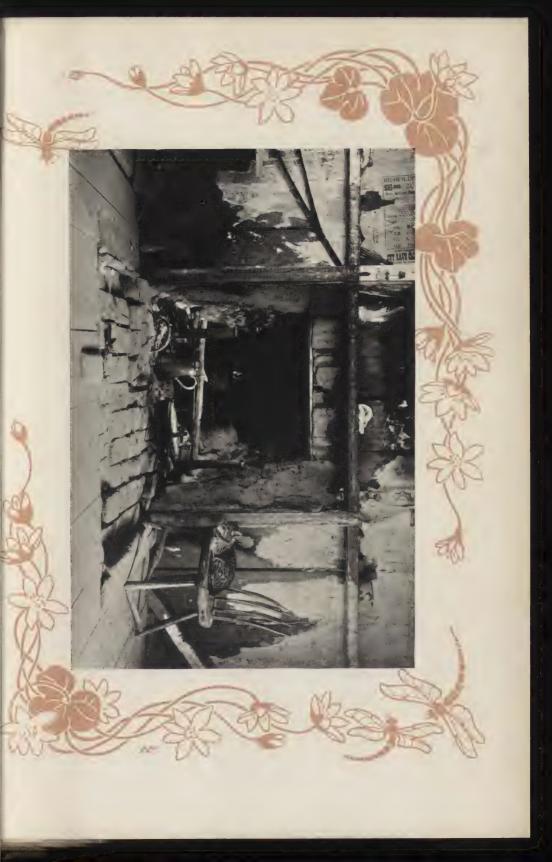






WHEN DE CO'N PONE 'S HOT





When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlins is a-sputter'n'
So 's to show you whah dey 's at;
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,
'Tek away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it 's 'proachin' mighty nigh,
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
Dough you know you'd bettah not,
When yo' mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have hyeahd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've hyeahd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahstah's th'one,
An' have lef' my hea't a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone;
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy says de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.







ON the wide veranda white,
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is lowly
burning;

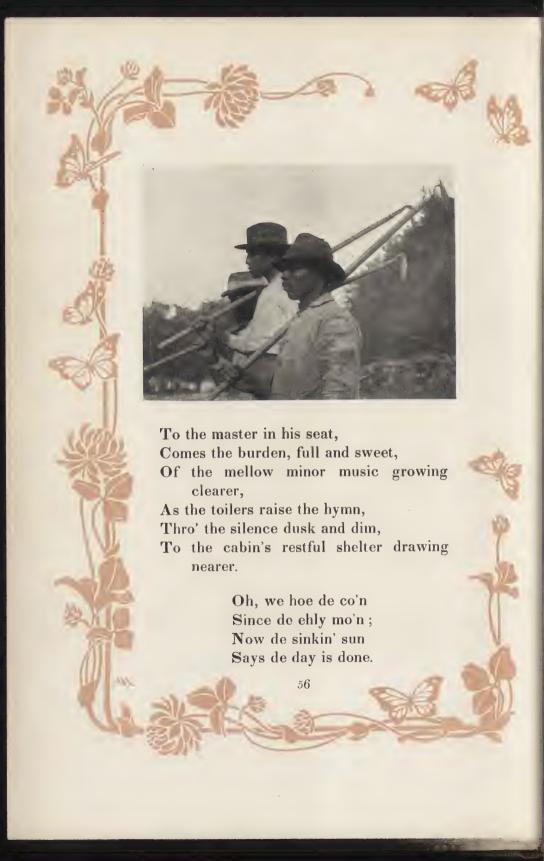
And his dreamy thoughts are drownedIn the softly flowing soundOf the corn-songs of the field-hands slow returning.

Oh, we hoe de co'n Since de ehly mo'n; Now de sinkin' sun Says de day is done.

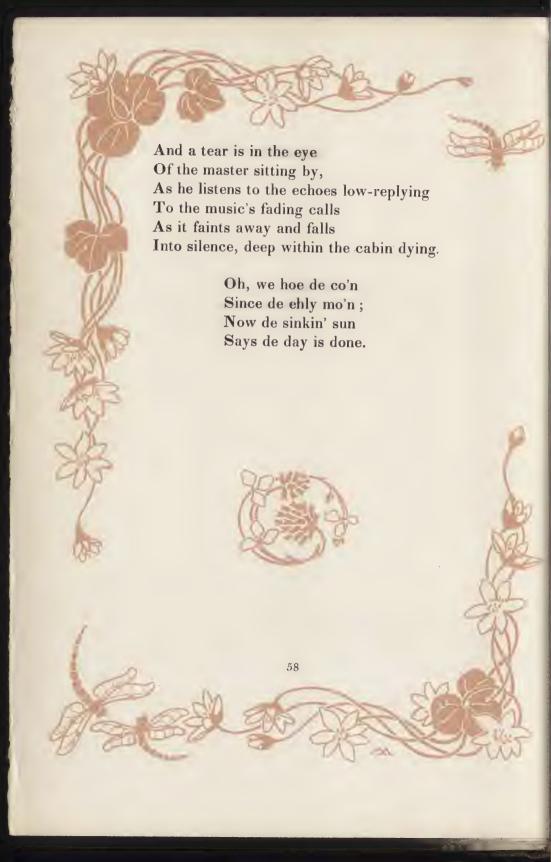
O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Though the halting steps be labored, slow,
and weary;
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn-song rises ever loud and cheery.

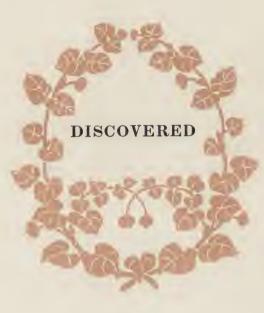
Oh, we hoe de co'n Since de ehly mo'n; Now de sinkin' sun Says de day is done.

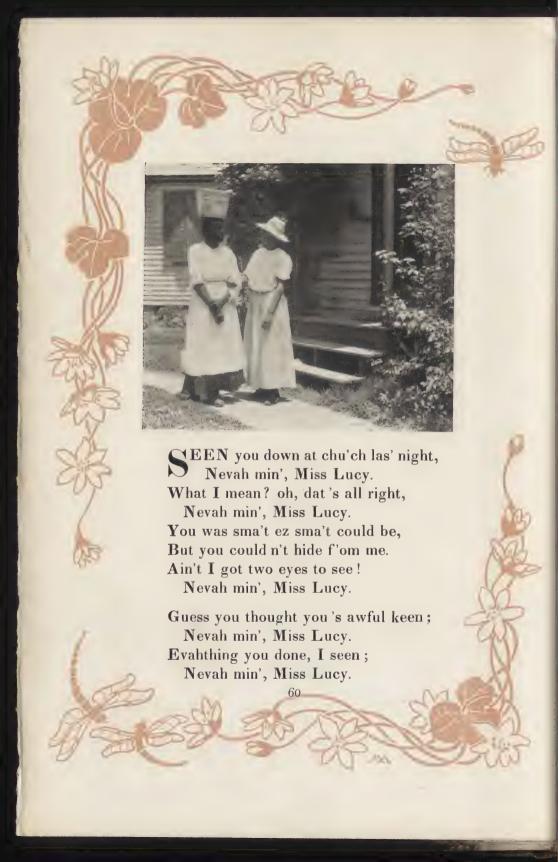










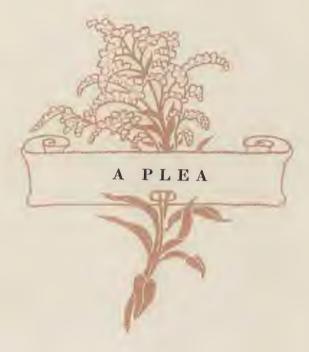




Seen him tek yo' ahm jes' so,
When he got outside de do'—
Oh, I know dat man's yo' beau!
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.



Say now, honey, wha'd he say?—
Nevah min', Miss Lucy!
Keep yo' secrets — dat's yo' way —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
Won't tell me an' I'm yo' pal —
I'm gwine tell his othah gal, —
Know huh, too, huh name is Sal;
Nevah min', Miss Lucy!





TREAT me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.

Dough my love has tu'ned my brain,
Treat me nice.



I ain't done a t'ing to shame, Lovahs all ac's jes' de same: Don't you know we ain't to blame? Treat me nice! Cose I know I's talkin' wild; Treat me nice; I cain't talk no bettah, child, Treat me nice; Whut a pusson gwine to do, W'en he come a-cou'tin' you All a-trimblin' thoo and thoo? Please be nice. Reckon I mus' go de paf Othahs do: Lovahs lingah, ladies laff; Mebbe you Do' mean all the things you say, An' pu'haps some latah day W'en I baig you ha'd, you may Treat me nice!

SOLILOQUY OF A TURKEY



DEY'S a so't o' threatenin' feelin' in de blowin' of de breeze,

An' I's feelin' kin' o' squeamish in de night;

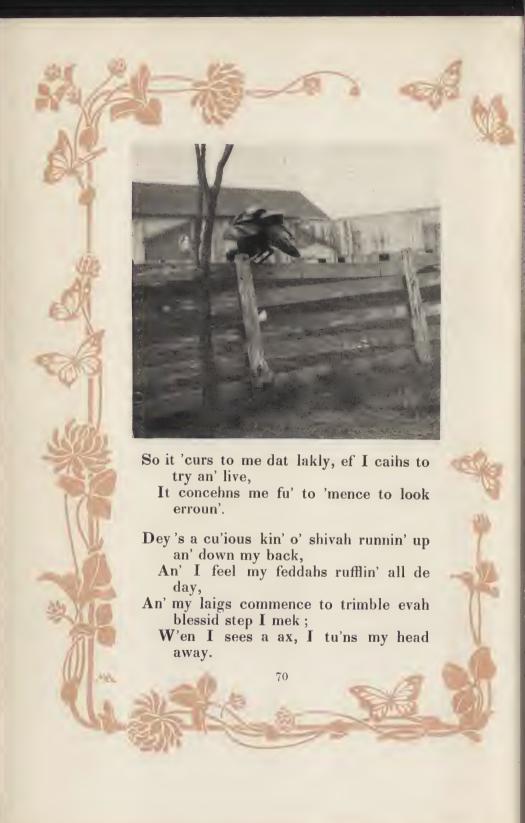
I 's a-walkin' 'roun' a-lookin' at de diffunt style o' trees,

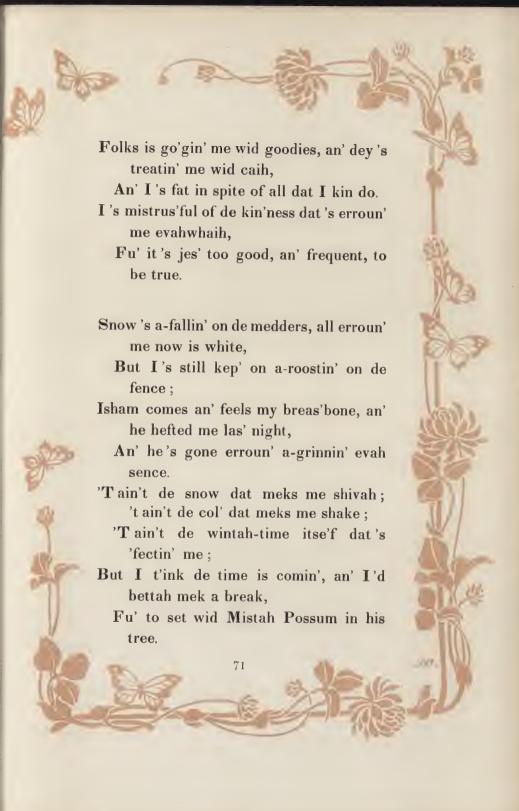
An' a-measurin' dey thickness an' dey height.

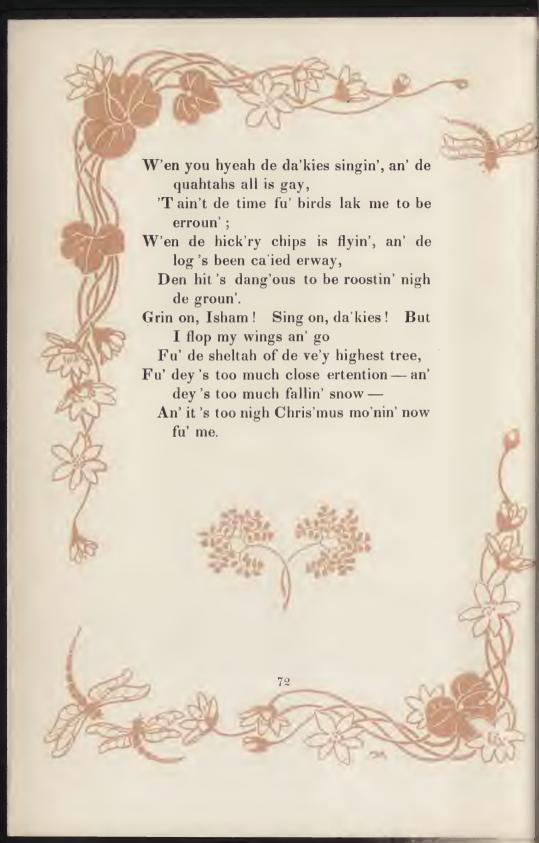
Fu' dey's somep'n mighty 'spicious in de looks de da'kies give,

Ez dey pass me an' my fambly on de groun',



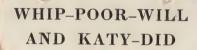






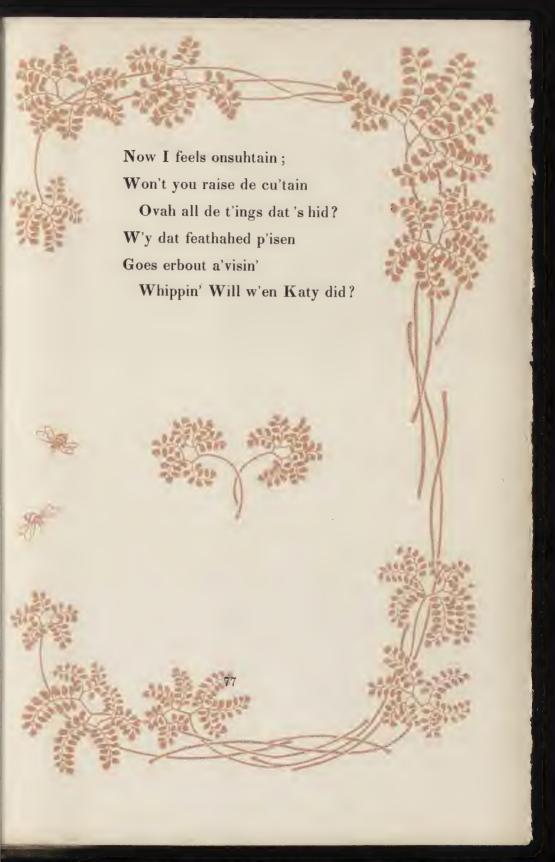




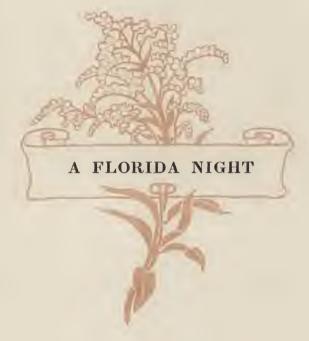


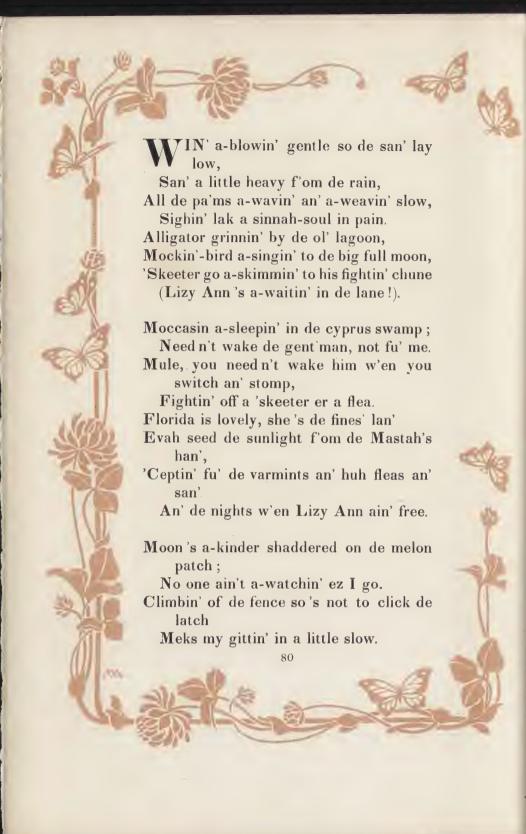
CLOW de night 's a-fallin', An' I hyeah de callin' Out erpon de lonesome hill; Soun' is moughty dreary, Solemn-lak an' skeery, Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will." Now hit's moughty tryin', Fu' to hyeah dis cryin', 'Deed hit 's mo' den I kin stan'; Sho' wid all our slippin', Dey's enough of whippin' 'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah Dey's anothah hummah Sings anothah song instid; An' his th'oat 's a-swellin' Wid de joy o' tellin', But he says dat "Katy did."

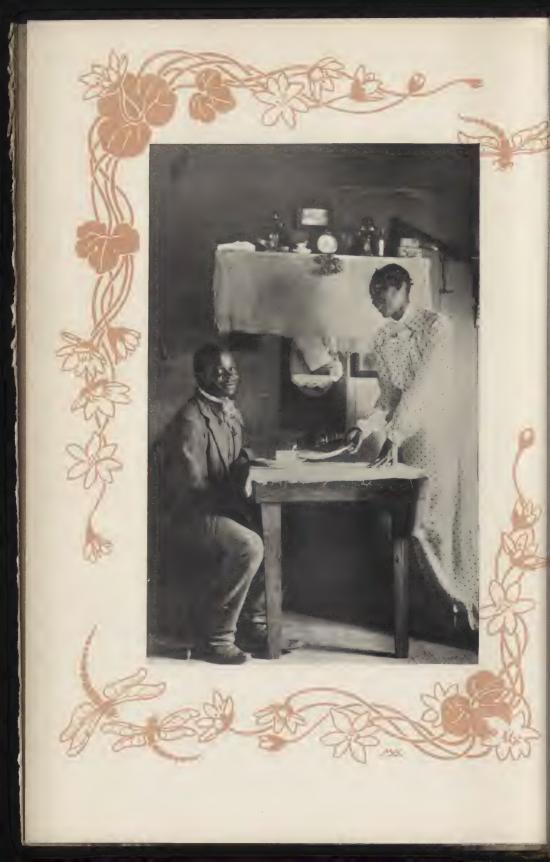




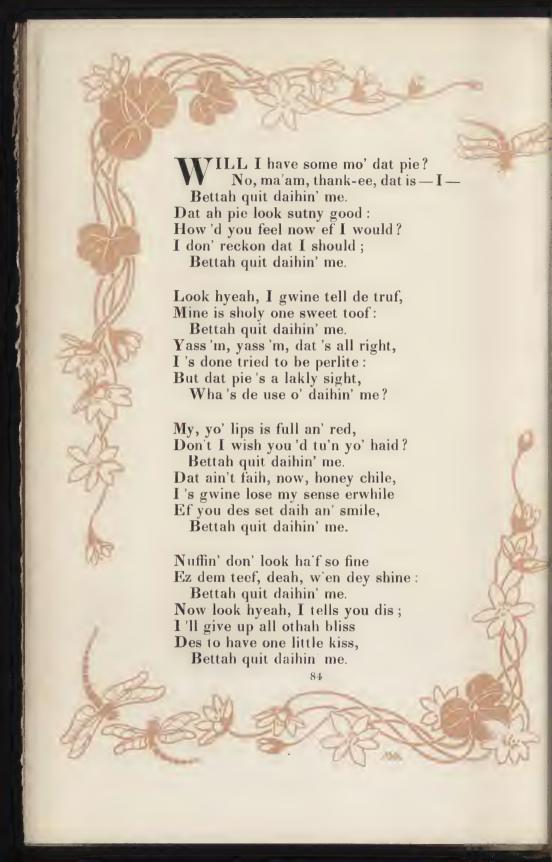


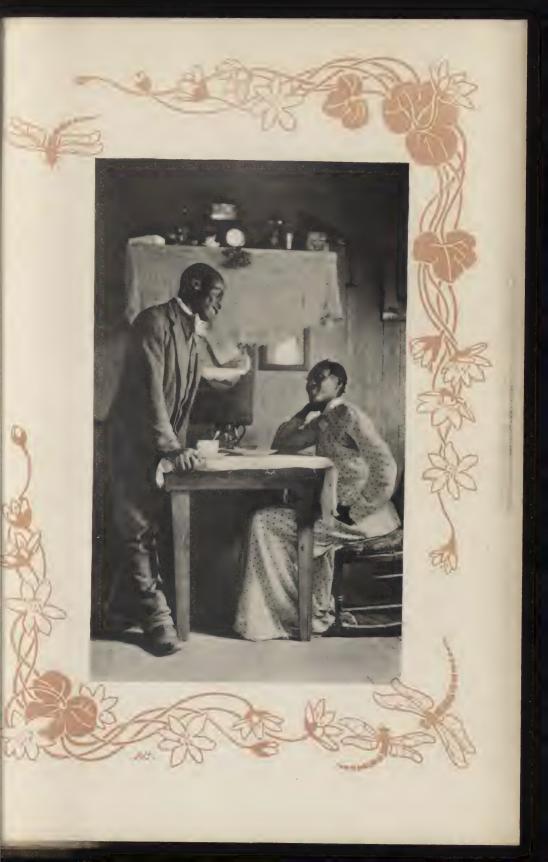












Laws, I teks yo' little han',
Ain't it tendah? bless de lan' —
Bettah quit daihin' me.
I's so lonesome by myse'f,
'D ain't no fun in livin' lef';
Dis hyeah life's ez dull ez def:
Bettah quit daihin' me.



Why n't you tek yo' han' erway?
Yas, I'll hol' it: but I say
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Holin' han's is sholy fine.
Seems lak dat's de weddin' sign.
Wish you'd say dat you'd be mine; —
Dah you been daihin' me.





HYEAH dat singin' in de medders
Whaih de folks is mekin' hay?
Wo'k is pretty middlin' heavy
Fu' a man to be so gay.
You kin tell dey 's somep'n special
F'om de canter o' de song;
Somep'n sholy pleasin' Sam'l,
W'en he singin' all day long.



Hyeahd him wa'blin' 'way dis mo'nin'
'Fo' 't was light enough to see.

Seem lak music in de evenin'
Allus good enough fu' me.

But dat man commenced to hollah
'Fo' he'd even washed his face;

Would you b'lieve, de scan'lous rascal
Woke de birds erroun' de place?

Sam'l took a trip a-Sad'day;
Dressed hisse'f in all he had,
Tuk a cane an' went a-strollin',
Lookin' mighty pleased an' glad.
Some folks don' know whut de mattah,
But I do, you bet yo' life;
Sam'l smilin' an' a-singin'
'Case he been to see his wife.

She live on de fu' plantation,

Twenty miles erway er so;

But huh man is mighty happy

W'en he git de chanst to go.

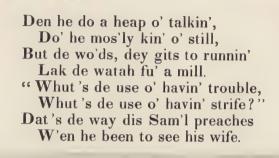
Walkin' allus ain' de nices'—

Mo'nin' fin's him on de way—

But he allus comes back smilin',

Lak his pleasure was his pay.







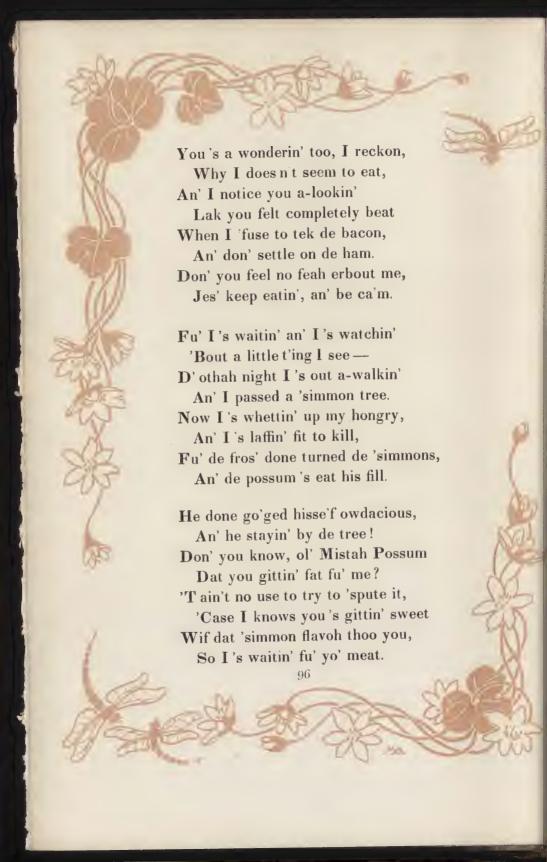
An' I reckon I git jealous,
Fu' I laff an' joke an' sco'n,
An' I say, "Oh, go on, Sam'l,
Des go on, an' blow yo' ho'n."
But I know dis comin' Sad'day,
Dey'll be brighter days in life;
An' I'll be ez glad ez Sam'l
W'en I go to see my wife.



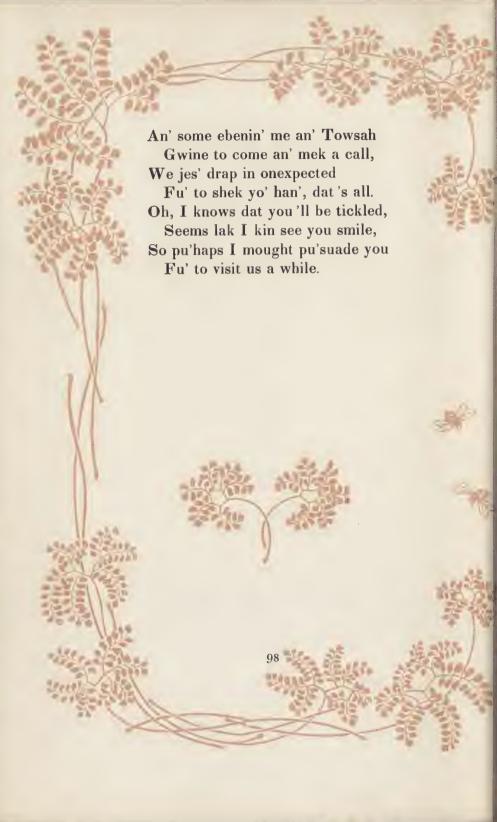


YOU'LL be wonderin' whut's de reason
I's a grinnin' all de time,
An' I guess you t'ink my sperits
Mus' be feelin' mighty prime.
Well, I'fess up, I is tickled
As a puppy at his paws.
But you need n't think I's crazy,
I ain' laffin' 'dout a cause.













T'S boun' to see my gal to-night—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,

But when I does git to yo' do'

Yo' kiss'll pay me back, an' mo',

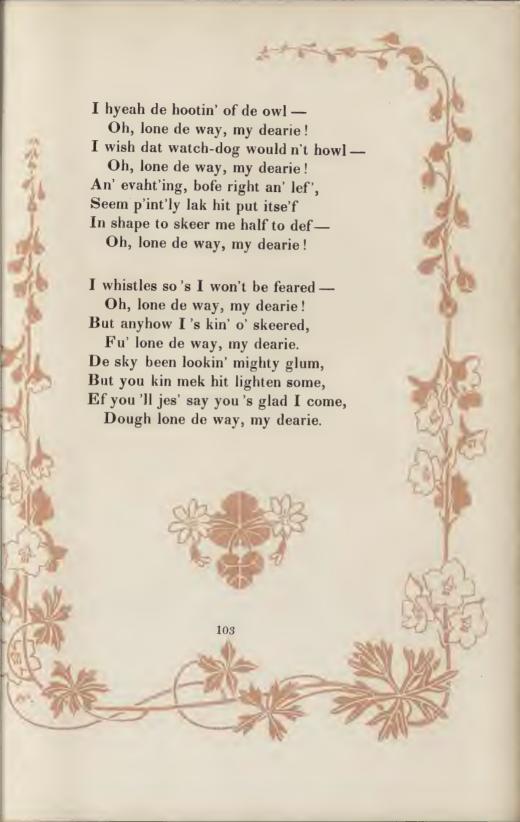
Dough lone de way, my dearie.

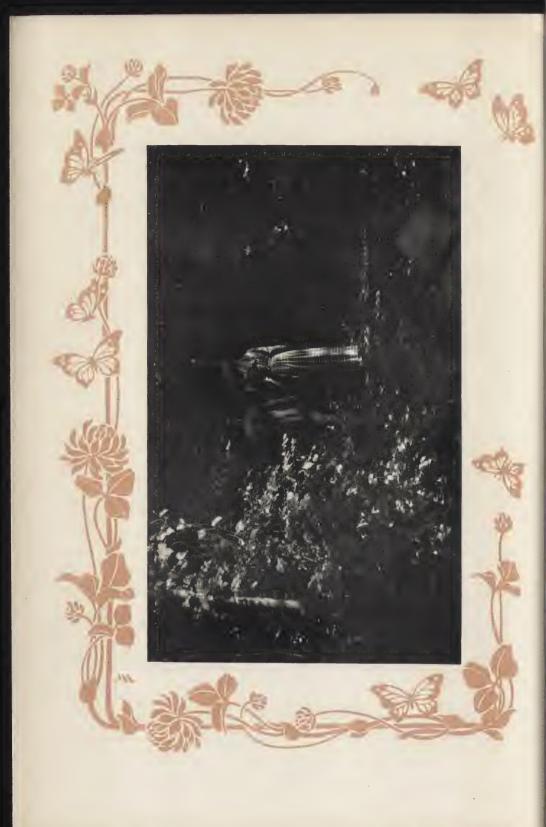


De night is skeery-lak an' still—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo'will—
Oh, lone de way, my dearie!



De way so long wif dis slow pace,
'T'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
Ef you was on a nearer place,
Fu' lone de way, my dearie.





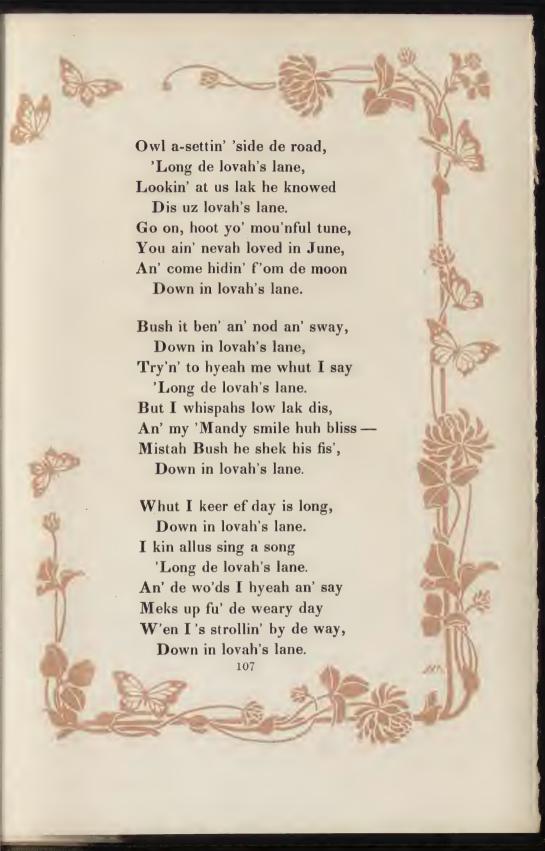


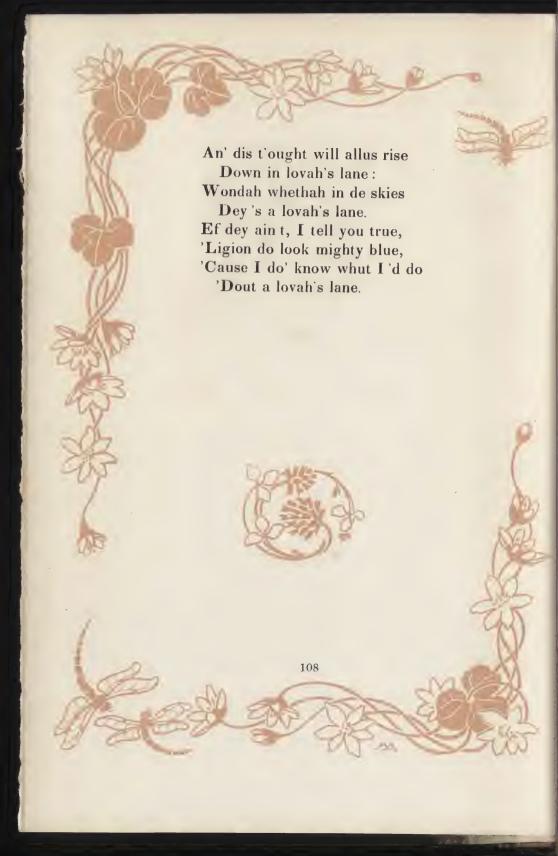


'Long de lovah's lane.

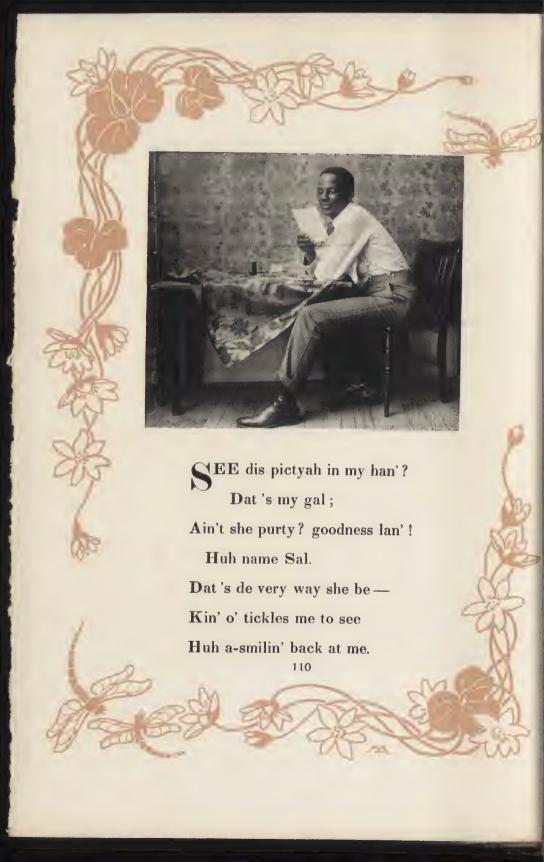
White folks' wo'k all done up gran'—
Me an' 'Mandy han'-in-han'

Struttin' lak we owned de lan', 'Long de lovah's lane.











She sont me dis photygraph

Jes' las' week;

An' aldough hit made me laugh —

My black cheek

Felt somethin' a-runnin' queer;

Bless yo' soul, it was a tear

Jes' f'om wishin' she was here.

Often when I's all alone
Layin' here,
I git t'inkin' 'bout my own
Sallie dear;
How she say dat I's huh beau,
An' hit tickles me to know
Dat de gal do love me so.

Some bright day I's goin' back,
Fo' de la!
An' ez sho' 's my face is black,
Ax huh pa



Fu' de blessed little miss Who 's a-smilin' out o' dis Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss!





DE breeze is blowin' 'cross de bay.
My lady, my lady;
De ship hit teks me far away,
My lady, my lady.
Ole Mas' done sol' me down de stream;
Dey tell me 't ain't so bad's hit seem,
My lady, my lady.

O' co'se I knows dat you'll be true,
My lady, my lady;
But den I do' know whut to do,
My lady, my lady.
I knowed some day we'd have to pa't,
But den hit put' nigh breaks my hea't,
My lady, my lady.

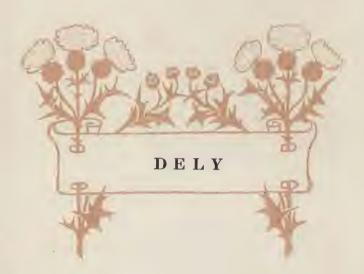
De day is long, de night is black,
My lady, my lady;
I know you'll wait twell I come back,
My lady, my lady.
I'll stan' de ship, I'll stan' de chain,
But I'll come back, my darlin' Jane,
My lady, my lady.

Jes' wait, jes' b'lieve in whut I say,
My lady, my lady;
D'ain't nothin' dat kin keep me 'way,
My lady, my lady.



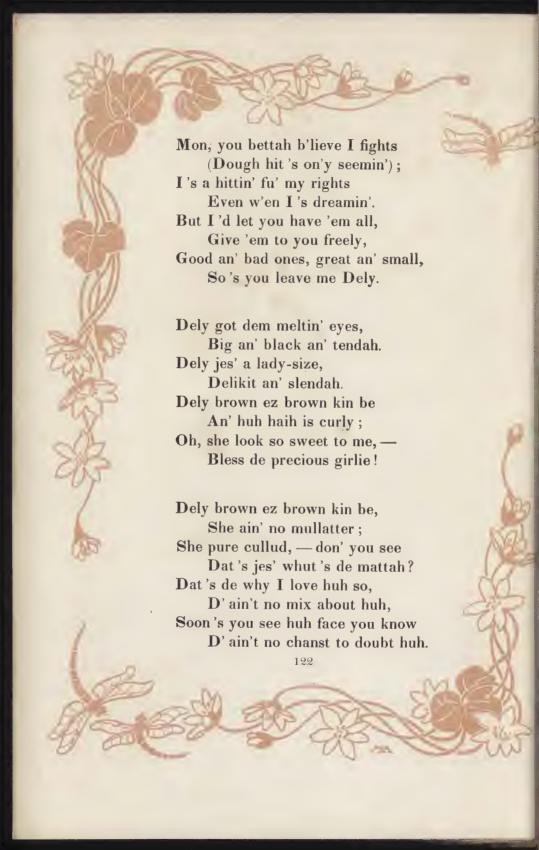
A man's a man, an' love is love;
God knows ouah hea'ts, my little dove;
He'll he'p us f'om his th'one above,
My lady, my lady.











Folks dey go to chu'ch an' pray
So's to git a blessin'.
Oomph, dey bettah come my way,
Dey could lu'n a lesson.



Sabbaf day I don' go fu',

Jes' to see my pigeon;
I jes' sets an' looks at huh,

Dat's enuff 'uligion.

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